TE little Princess Theatre is holding one of the biggest plays of years. Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin have struck it rich in "The Great Divide," and with a single step Wilkam Vaugha Moody has placed himself. In the front rank of American dramatists. His strong, vital and natural drama makes the work of our chronic playwrights seem puny and artificial by comparison. Just at a time when it seemed that the sun had set on the Western play with its ennobled squaw man and its uplifted barmaid, Mr. Moody has eleared away the claptrap and planted it squarely and firmly on the stage.

'The Great Divide' is bound to cause a difference of opinion. It's a bold play with a during theme, and the small-minded, the timid and the conventional bably condexen it on its first act. "One touch of nature makes the whol World blush" is no less true then the original saying, but Mr. Moody proves both true- and shows that the primitive in man is even mightler than the New England conscience. The surprising thing about it is that here is a college professor who has taken his play from life instead of from the library. He has preferred red blood to blue ink. But his play is something much bigger and deeper than the mere conflict between a Puritan conscience and the joy of living. It represents something that is at the very oge of humanity—the eternal struggle on the light that has led man beyond his own gods and the dark savagery

that puts him beneath the beast.

Last night's audience held its breath when it saw three drunken brutes enarling like so many volves over Ruth Jordan, left helpless in a lonely ranch house in the Arizona desert. There was no mistuking their purpose. It was an ugly scene, but at that hardly ugly enough to make what followed wholly con-This, it is understood, is due to the fact that the "dog" on which out of town barked a loud protest. Matters were arranged a bit too asily. Ruth had only to turn to Stephen Ghent with her prayer for protection and her promise to go with him to the nearest justice of the peace, and ne

and Ghent made short work of the other fellow with a bullet.

Ruth and the audience waited for Ghent to come back, and the audier his gun on the table and turning his back. Under the draumstances almost any woman with nerve enough to pull a trigger would have taken that chance. But no. Ruth asked instead that he take away the pistol and save her from the temptation to shoot herself, and she allowed herself to be dragged into a mid-

"The Great Divide" plays a curious trick on your sympathies by keeping then just at the edge of the footlights. You pity Ruth, yet you blame her; and later you pity Ghent, but you can't wholly sympathize with him in his loveless Stephen Ghent represents the strange dual thing in man-the nature tha

rendered him a beast, yet was capable of a rebirth that made him a finer, larger creature than the wife who could not rise above and beyond the ugly, bruta heginning of their life together. Mr. Moody's philosophy is more pagan than Christian 2000 pagan in the best sense of that much-abused word. "Whiskey the devil and nature" made Ghent a new man by giving him his wife, and his only excuse for the savage woolng was that he was "blind drunk and sun-crazy."
For a college professor, that's putting it simply if not beautifully. The child that is born after Ruth goes back to home and mother without her husband in the one good excuse for the 'happy ending' of the play. Even New England seept that excuse. It is high time then for Ruth to forget that she was "bought like an Indian squaw."

Mas Anglin is equal to the many moods of Ruth. Her acting is admirable

Mr. Miller, as Ghent, is also very good, but his English is too good. He should appli it a bit. He has staged the play in a splendid manner. The rugged beauty of that "roof of the world" on which Ghent's cubin stands at the top of the Catalina Mountains could not be surpassed. The taciture, faithful Lon Anderson that Mr. Robert Cammings fits into that picture is a diamond in the rough. Miss Laura Hope Crews, as a comfortably human little philosopher with red-yarn theories, is decidedly clever and amusing, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is much more than a mere stage mother to Ruth.

'The Great Divide' is a natural play naturally acted, with feeling that runs deen as the shaft in Stephen Ghent's mina. CHARLES DARRITON. deep as the shaft in Stephen Ghent's mina.

### HEALTH AND BEAUTY. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Vaseline for Hair.

white or dark, is a great hair-

toms seem to indicate: Open each

white wax, 100 grams; tincture of ben-

A Hardening Pomade.

Mc.-I give you the astringent ( NTERESTED." - Vaseline, either pomade you have asked for Of of sweet almonds, grams: white wax, 100 grams; tincture of benzoin, 50 grams; rose water, 50 grams; pulverized tannin, 25 grams, lis better in the refrigerator. Any other time, leave on the tolict among other companies. This pomade should not be used as a other cosmetics. massage cream, but should be applied To Cure Whileheads, after massage, to restore shrunken or

A Simple Remedy.

RS. B.-This remedy for para-RS. B.—This remedy for parasseem to indicate: Open each seed acres with the point of a fine mothers would do well to present the present of the for use: Get a cake of his empty sack of the giant should then be. serve it for use: Get a cake of hisempty sack of the giand should then be absoride of mercury soap (the importional with a little tollet vinegar and ed is the best), and cut it into halves and shave one-half into fine bits. Discarbolic acid and water, or with a very weak solution of another it in boiling water. You may needle before using it by dipping it into solve it in boiling water. You may needle before us set the mixture on the stove over a boiling water. entle heat if you choose. You should have water to form a jelly-like min- Nose Too Fat. ture when cold. To use, first wet the liss L. D. W.—Try this astringent their thoroughly with clear, warm lotton, it may reduce the size you water thoroughly with clear, warm lotton, it may reduce the size you so dislike: Hardening pomade the heir, taking care that every parti. On of sweet almonds, 200 grams, see of the scalp is thoroughly satu white wax 100 grams; theture of benrated with the soap mixture. Give the head a good shampoo with this mixture and rinse several times. It you follow these directions correctly the result will be successful.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Tucked Kimono-Pattern No. 5481.

Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-

TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

simple withal. In

batisto, wash silks, that are in that letter. used for kimenes

30 or 61-2 yards 44 heaven!"

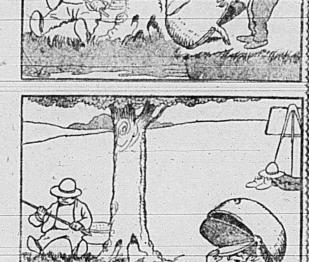
small, medium and large, corresponding to 32, 35 and 40 inch

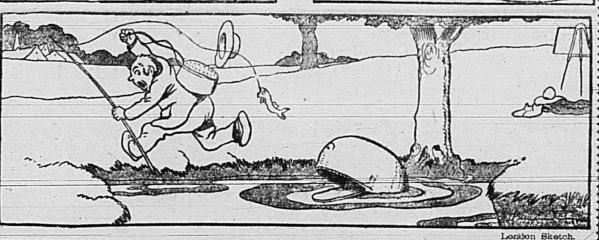
IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and

The Last Sea Serpent of Summer.

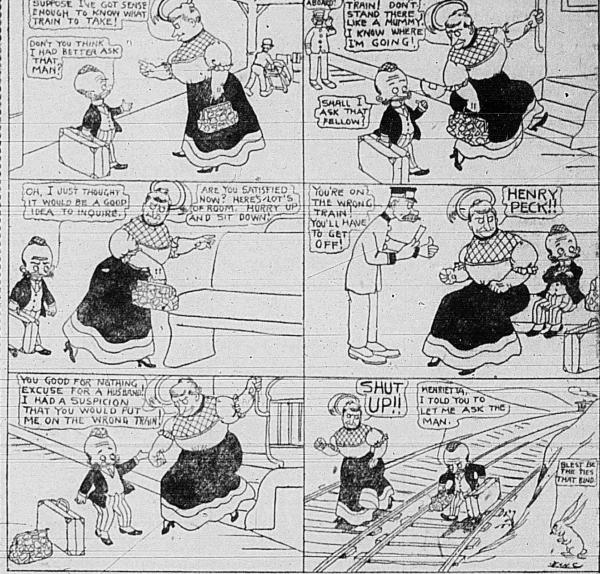








If YOU Had a Wife Like This. & By F. G. Long



# BETTY VINCENT'S OADVICE LOVERSO

the men they were considering for their husbands.

There is a great deal involved in this matter that does A Car Flirtation. two people to live on 310 a week in this town, but it can be done. If they are willing 65 get along by living on the barest necessities of life and in the poorest part of the town

heads, or acne, which your symp-

again, assuring me he has never ceased to love me. Now, what would you do. Dear Bettiv, as I can never forget him and I wish very much to marry this other young man.

Marry the man you love now. Whichever one you choose, resolve never to see the other again.

Again, assuring me he has never ceased quite often, and we generally take a walk till 9 o'clook, which in the time for her to go in. This young lady deliberately let a common street loafer stop and kiss her in my presence. What would you do if you were in my place?

AM a girl eighteen years old. A few He Tickles Her. days ago I saw a very handsome Dear Betty: young man on the street car. He

separate and were divorced. After A Telephone Tragedy. two years I met another young man

worth any man's attention.

barest necessities of life and in the poorest part of the town with a small brush, as you suggest. In hot weather the cold cream better to the refrigerator. Any there is no way in which you can there comment it can surmount these difficulties and make them easy.

The right kind of love is the most wonderful thing in the world, and it can be done. They will have to make a few clothes last a third who has a great habit of tickling and have some will an every time he gets a chance?

The right kind of love is the most wonderful thing in the world, and it can be were the will have one there will not try to make every time he gets a chance?

The right kind of love is the most wonderful thing in the world it would adv my sides fairly ache. I am engaged to

## The Seven-in-Six Puzzles

Third Series-Shakespeare.



A lelephone Iragedy.

be married to this man, and would like to break him of the habit before we get married.

E. B. B.

a telephone exchange, where she is at present employed. I see her to be married to the man, and would like to break him of the habit before we get married.

E. B. B.

If remonstrance is of no avail, I don't see what you can do except tell him you won't marry him unless he quits. together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find

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SYNOPSIS OF PRESCRING OHAPTERS.

Heien Davis, caughter or a sucurnan cercyman, is loved by her foster brother, Arthur, whose parentage is unknown. She rejects him, and becomes engaged to a weathly Mr. Harrison. David Howard, an invalid, shows her how despiceshe is marriage for many. She rejects Harrison. Inward wins her sympactry and bellowing fluids on the said go to the Adirondacks. The efforming fluids on the road one night an exhausted daying woman. He and Helen help her to his house, where Howard recognizes her as a girl he wronged many years sefers. The woman dies. The shock breaks down David's health, and he feels his life is at end. Arthur arrives at David's home, and Helen learns that her foster-brother is the son of the woman who has just died.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

this one. It can be room, so that it was possible not to disturb had; the will waken, and then he will be he gazed at her once more.

The will waken, and then he will be he gazed at her once more.

The possible not to disturb had; "He will waken, and then he will be he gazed at her once more.

The possible not to disturb had; "Isten to me; it cannot be, David, no, no! And see, here is notice, it is vid's love, and told him all about David, and Arthur had been heavily, hecause he was exhausted, and had been heavily, hecause he was exhausted.

The will waken, and then he will be he gazed at her once more.

The possible not to disturb had; "David is not cannot be, David, no, no! And see, here is not cannot be heavily, hecause he was exhausted, and he had been heavily, hecause he was exhausted.

The will waken, and then he will be he gazed at her once more.

The possible not to disturb had; "David is not cannot be, David, no, no! And see, here is not cannot be not can and becoming lines said no more of his sufferings.

"We can all be so happy!" The thought that Arthur her. was actually David's son was so wonderful that she | And at that instant came the blow."

is cut in three sizes, alarm him, and it will be beautiful."

whispered; but then she gianced at the clock and half crawling and half falling, into the corner, where kept myself alive on earth by such a struggle summer, because it was so beautiful then, and we startled cry. She wheeled about and gazed around do you hear me-going! And you must stay—and you used to have music at all sorts of times. Oh, you the room. "Where can he be?" she exclaimed. "He have the battle for your life to fight! Listen to meuntil you see David, and then you will know why I a still more anxious call: "David! David! Where ars-now-now before

claimed: "I know, Arthur; I will play something He gave one fearful sob, and then he sunk forward that he loves very much and that you used to love, drawing himself by the sheer force of his arms he cob-something that is very soft and low and beau- crawled again into sight and lay clinging to the tiful."

wonderful "Moonlight Sonata,"

smiled, because it was so beautiful a way to waken with his ghastly face and his look of terror, and

Shions

| Continuous | Continuo self to be without vid wakens." And the two stole in, Helen opening David's suffering it seemed to be the very breath sank back and lay for a moment or two, half dazed; such a negligie as the door very softly. David was sleeping in the next ing of his sorrow; and yet still she whispered on to then, in answer to poor Helen's agonized pleading, this one. It can be

> time; only because he saw how suddenly happy she and with pain. Then at last came the music, failing was, and withou how nervous and overwrought, he softly at first and blending with his dreaming, and bewilderment; then as she repeated the words again, afterward taking him by the hand and leading him "He is your son, he is Mary's child," gradually a And Helen had forgotten them utterly; it was pa- out into the land of reality, until he found himself look of wondering realization or is sountenance the to see her delight as she thought of being freed bying and listening to A. As he recollected all that and he turned and mared up at Arthur troin the fearful terror that had haunted her she wan had begivened he gave a slight start and sat up.
>
> The start and sat up.
>
> "Is it true?" he whispered hoarsety. "There is no happy—
> he will be so happy!" she whispered again and again. then. He raised his head and then rose to sai!
>
> Helen answered him. "Yes, yes." again and again.

time she uttered the thought it was a sweep of the gered back upon the sofs, clutching at his side with face, as he gazed from one to the other and comchalles, albatross, wings of her soul. Arthur had to tell her many his hand, his face turning white, and a look of wild prohended it all; he caught Arthur's arm in his tremcashmers and all times that it was actually Mary who had been named horror coming over it. For an instant he held him-bling hands. "Oh, God he praised." he whitspered self up by the sofa, staring around him; and then he So an hour or two passed by, and still David did sank back, half upon the floor, his head fulling back- care of her for me!" and any or two passed by, and still David did sank back, half upon the new, his peak half upon the new, his peak half upon the new ward. And so he lay gusping, torn with agony, while the dark half upon his boson, sobbing while the banding twice to listen to his quiet breathing; but each time the fearful music on he any contrasting material that she could not bear to disturb him yet. However, raise himself and failed, and twice he started to cry ing roused him again. He lifted himself up on his material required for ought to wake him now, don't you think so-even came that one note in the music that is the plunge to me!- I have only a minute more to speak." the medium size is if it is just for a minute, you know? For oh, he into night. Helen stooped suddlenly there, and every— The girl buried her head in his bosom with an 81-2 yards 27, 8 yards will be so grad-it will be so grad-it will be so grad-it will be shock her back and caught her by

She went to the plane and sat down. "It will With a gasp lof dread he half raised himself, grasp-

seem queer to be playing music at this hour," she ing the sofa with his knotted hands. He slid down, saw that it was nearly 7, and added. "Why, no, he crouched, breathless and shuddering; so he was we have often begun by this time. You know, when Helen came into the room.

annot dream flow happy we were-you must wait is mix here" and ran out to the plazza. Then came look into my eyes-for you must call up your pow are you?"

She storped and sat thoughtfully for a moment, And in the mean time David was still crouching in

sofa. Then he gave a faint gasping cry, "Helen!"

Arthur had seated himself beside the plane and And the girl, heard it and susted to the delay sh was gazing at her; the girl sat still for a moment gave one glance at the postrate form and at the more, gazing ahead of her and waiting for every- white face, and then leaped forward with a shrill thing to be hushed. Then she began, so low as scream, a scream that echoed through the little scancely to be suilible, the first movement of the house and that froze Arthur's blood. She flung herself down on her knees beside her husband, cry-As it side upon the air and swelled louder she ing "David!" And the man looked up at her panted, "Helen-Helen, it has come!"

And yet there are few things in musto more laden. She screamed again more wildly than isofore, and

The man gave a faint start and lookes at her in

swiftly and desperately, as if thinking that the joy of it would restore his waning strength. The shought samed never to be able to resilize it fully, and every | The man suddenly gave a fearful start; he stee | did bring a wonderful look of nears over David. "It is almost too much. Oh, take oare of her-take

may be liked.

The quantity of asked Arthur again and again: "Don't you think I on until the place of despair was reached, until there pered, in a deep, hollow voice; "listen to me—listen

heaven!"

So it went on until at last she could keep the "that silence instead for several moments; Helen that made the veins in his temples start out. "Look yards of t-inch rib- secret no longer; she thought for a while, and then seemed to be writing and listening, and David's la me!" he gasped "Look at me!" and as the girl whispered: "I know what I will do-I will play some whole being was in suspense. Then suddenly he stared into his eyes that were alive with the last Pattern No. 5481 music and waken him in that way. That will not gave a start, for he heard the girl coming to the frenzied effort of his soul, he went on speaking with fierce swiftness and panting for breath be tween each phrase:

"Helen-Helen-listen to me-twenty years I have power of a will that would not yield! And now Arthur, we used to get up wonderfully early all She did not see him on the sofa, and she gave a bear to-except to save your soull after I am goingshirk it-do you hear me? It is here!"

(To Be Continued.)

### Out of the Mouths of Babes.

By Upton Sinclair,
Author of "THE JUNGLE." AMMA, "queried four-year-old Bobby, "how does a deaf and dumb boy say his prayers when he's got a sore finger?"

Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "I suppose you like going to school?" "Oh, yes," answered Tommy; "I like goin' all right, and I like comin ome, but it's stayin' there between times that makes me tired." Little Pleaste Say, papa, you got things mised at Miss Oldham's funeral

Parson--In what way, my dear?

Little Flossie-Well, you said she had gone to her eternal rest, then you spoke of her having joined the heavenly choir.-Chicago News.

### Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



Child's Petticoat with Waist.

It is made of three-fold Saxony yarn, and this fine thread is knit upon real fine needles that is about No. 10 or 12 steel. The little petticoat is fine and close. The petticoat is made all in one piece. without a seam, excepting that which joins it in the back. In spite of its finesubstantial little garment. The rows are worked on the length, each row on two needles because there are too many stitches for one. Most of the knitting. at least the waist part, is all in plain garter stitch orate pattern, giving a fluted effect like accordion pleating. The cutest buttonholes are worked down the back of the walst. The shoulder straps keep the walst from breeping down. But this petticoat can be made for an older girl, using four-fold Saxony, four-fold Germantown, or Spanish yarn, T like the Spanish yarn best. It is strong, yet has a fine appearance.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1484, N. Y. City.